him to our ſiſter, whoſe minde & mine I know in that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and muſt be vſed with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake, Ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hold my very courſe; goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that ful iſſue for which I raizd my likeneſſe; now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd, thy maſter whom thou loueſt, ſhall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man ſir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what wouldſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to bee no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him truely that wil put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who wouldſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Doſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that? *Kent.* Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale

tale in telling it, and deliue
ordinary men are fit for, I a
diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young to lo
dote on her for any thing, I

Lear. Follow me, thou ſ
after dinner, I will not pa
where's my knaue, my fool
you ſirra, where's my daug

Enter

Steward. So pleaſe you—

Lear. What ſaies the fe
where's my foole? ho, I th
where's that mungrell?

Kent. He ſaies my Lord,

Lear. Why came not the

Seruant. Sir, he anſwere
would not.

Lear. He would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I kno
iudgement, your Highneſſe
nious affection as you were
peares as well in the genera
alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, ſaiſt thou ſo?

Seruant. I beſeech you p
for my duty cannot be ſile
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but rememb
haue perceiued a moſt faint
blamed as mine owne iealo
and purport of vnkindnes;
this foole? I haue not ſeene

Seruant. Since my you
foole hath much pined awa

Lear. No more of that,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOT